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MEMENTO POEMS



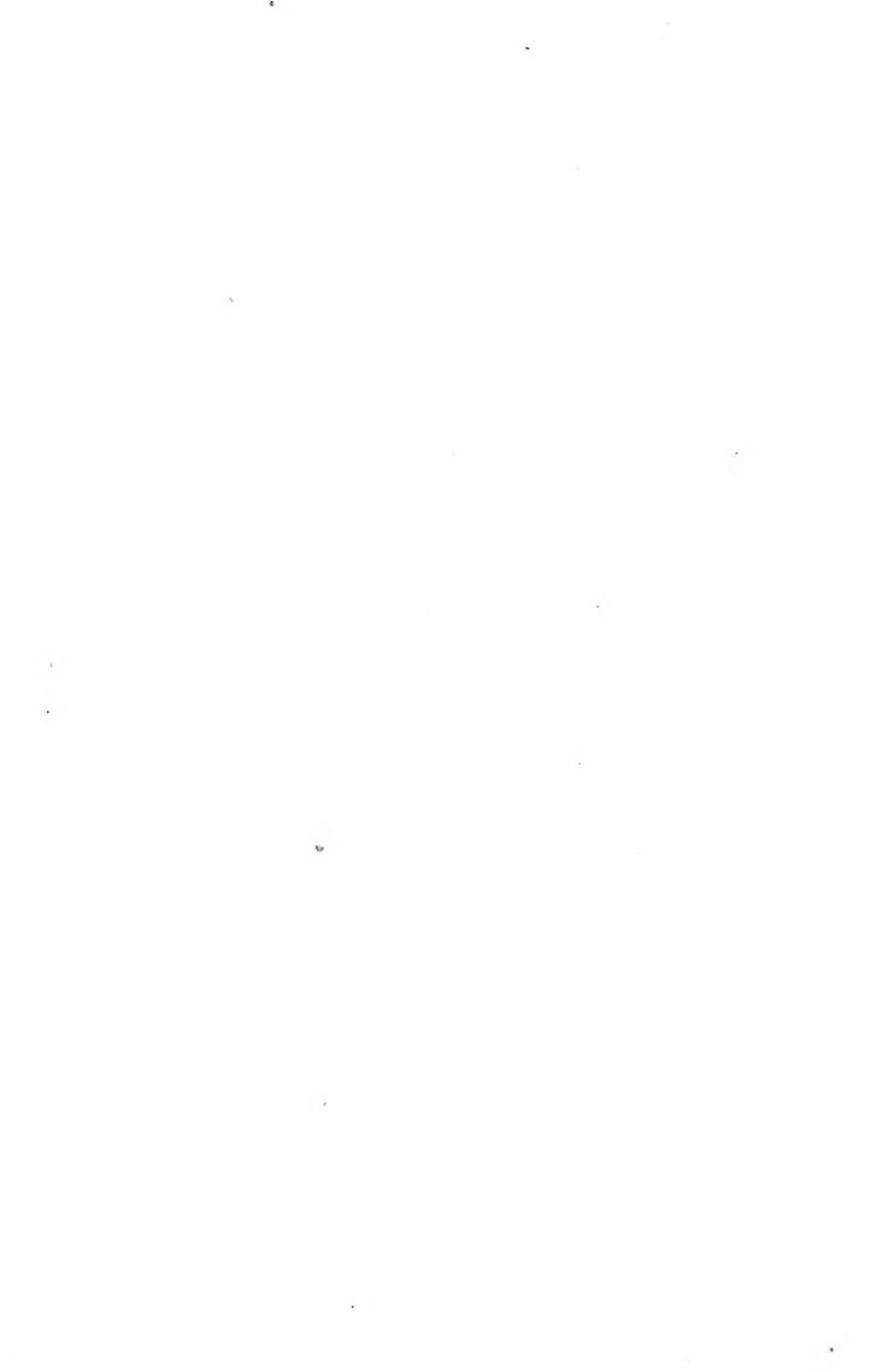
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Book Part 1, 4











MEMENTO POEMS:

A

Selection from the Writings

OF THE LATE

ELIZA BROWNE.

BALTIMORE:
WM. J. CARTER & CO., PRINTERS.

1878.

A TRIBUTE

To the Memory of one, who, through a long life, by
her refined tastes and many virtues, endeared
herself to a large circle of friends, both in
England and America.

In exec.

W. C.

Lib.

SEP 12 1918

MEMENTO POEMS.

Ode to Spring.

COME, Spring, and show thy face again,
And crown the new born year with flow'rs;
And thou, O Sun! show forth thy train;
Ye clouds, pour down refreshing show'rs.

Ye plants, put forth your blossoms gay,
Ye little birds, your songs begin; 
All nature does thy voice obey,
And hail thy coming, lovely Spring.

At thy return I will rejoice,
For thou the sweetest pleasures bring;
'Tis then to thee, I raise my voice,
And hail thy coming, love'y Spring.

Come then, no longer keep away,
For thee the birds do sweetly sing;
All nature does thy voice obey,
And hail thy coming, lovely Spring.

On Friendship.

Addressed to E. Anna Billinghamurst.

O FRIENDSHIP! balm to every wound,
 That lacerates the human breast;
 The wretch who is to sorrow doom'd,
 A solace finds, by thee caress'd.

To thee, bright source of every joy,
 That my fond heart e'er knew;
 To thee I sing without annoy,
 To thee my praise is due.

'Tis thou hast warm'd my Anna's breast,
 And giv'n to me a Friend;
 There let thy gentle influence rest;
 On all her steps attend.

And if she seems inclined to rove,
 From icy streams so smooth and clear;
 From barren fields, and leafless grove,
 O then, sweet Friendship, guide her here.

Here, in the town's tumultuous throng,
 She'll find me still the same,
 As when at eve we stray'd along
 The pleasant shady lane.

Sweet happiness I then possess'd,
 And here I find it still;
 O may the same sweet happiness,
 My Anna's bosom fill.

O happiness ! I pay my vows
To Friendship and to thee ;
One ardent wish my bosom knows,
My dearest Friend to see.

Cupid's Victory.

O CUPID ! leave my heart alone,
You have no bus'ness with it ;
I tell you it is all my own,
No dart of yours is in it.

Why do you want to place one there ?
Your torment never ceases ;
Sir,—you had better have a care,
I'll break your darts to pieces.

Why do you slyly jeer and laugh ?
This is beyond all bearing.
Be going Sir—you'd best by half,
Get out of sight and hearing.

Ah see, he's going, I declare :
Now I'm as free as ever ;
But lo ! he turns—I must beware,
To fly him, I'll endeavor.

Alas, I cannot move a foot,
My fright has made me shiver ;
And see—he has for mischief took,
An arrow from his quiver.

My heart, why do'st thou flutter so ?
 My breast, why keep this sighing ?
 Alas ! alas ! he's bent his bow ;
 Oh ! oh ! I faint, I'm dying.

Adieu to Seventeen.

TIME flies as quick as thought,
 Unheeded too, I fear ;
 I'm told to-morrow's dawn
 Will bring my *eighteenth year*.
 And now, while I am just between,
 I'll bid adieu to *seventeen*.

Adieu then, year beloved ;
 We part to meet no more ;
 Yet I shall oft' review
 The happy days you wore ;
 Yes, happy days with you I've seen :
 Adieu, adieu, sweet *seventeen*.

What days my *eighteenth year*
 Will bring, I cannot tell ;
 But if they're like my *seventeenth*,
 They'll please me very well.
 If so, my heart with joy is seen
 To bid adieu to *seventeen*.

But if this unknown year,
 Should unknown troubles bring;
 If peace forsake my breast,
 And happiness take wing—
 If so, my heart with anguish keen,
 Will grieve the loss of *seventeen*.

Let troubles come—this life
 I'll never deem a curse;
 I take the *eighteenth year*
 “For better, or for worse;”
 And with a tear and smile be seen
 To bid adieu to *seventeen*.

To My Sister Sarah, *On receiving her gift of a Ring.*

I THANK thee kindly, Sarah, dear,
 I thank thee for thy love to me;
 Thou show'st for me a sister's care,
 A sister's care I'll show for thee.
 I thank thee for the ring so gay :
 To me it ever shall appear,
 A sweet memorial of the day,
 When I attained my eighteenth year.
 For years to come, if still I live,
 I'll bless the hand that gave it me;
 Then Sarah, dear, my thanks receive,
 My love and thanks are due to thee.

Retirement.

How sweet beside yon wandering rill,

To wind along the footpath way ;
While slowly rising o'er the hill

Appears the glorious orb of day.

How sweet beneath the shade of trees,

When Summer suns are warm and high,
To sit in contemplative ease,

And watch the wave that wanders by.

How sweet 'mid evening's cooling shade,

To climb the mountain's lofty brow ;
There, by the silver Luna's aid,

To view the verdant plains below.

How sweet in Friendship's sacred tie

With some congenial soul to rove ;
Thus to climb the mountains high,

Or wander in the shady grove.

Ye sons of fashion, vain and proud,

Who basely bow at Folly's shrine ;
Tell me, if in the busy crowd,

Your joys can ever equal mine ?

Reflections.

When I think on worldly things,

How vain my thoughts appear !

My better thought this question brings :

For what am I placed here ?

Is it to spend my youthful days
 In seeking earthly bliss?
 In seeking mortal's empty praise?
 What joy is there in this?
 When I behold the stately trees,
 And think that they must end:
 If things must perish strong as these,
 On what can *I* depend?
 Frail as I am, great God, to thee,
 Sweet meditation leads;
 When e're I view the noble tree,
 Or gaze on flow'ry meads.
 O guide me thro' the path of life,
 By wisdom, grace, and pow'r;
 And may religion's sacred light,
 Direct me to my dying hour.

Song.

When William, blushing like the rose,
 Approached the bank whereon I sat,
 Just where the purling streamlet flows,
 Then first my heart went pit-a-pat.
 No living thing was near us then,
 Save the little lightsome gnat;
 He blushed, and look'd, and blushed again;
 How strange! my heart went pit-a-pat.

He threw his arm around my waist,
 And said, as he beside me sat :
 "My dearest maid, I am in haste."
 Again my heart went pit-a-pat.

And soon to church we haste away,
 No time had we for idle chat :—
 And as I said the word, 'obey,'
 Again my heart went pit-a-pat.

Now bound in marriage bonds so fair,
 Our time we pass in social chat ;
 Nor ever have I cause for care,
 Since first my heart went pit-a-pat.

—

Charade.

The noblest virtue in the human breast,
 A bird, that only leaves at night its nest.
 A sweet, without which, life is but a name.
 A tyrant that will spare not wealth or fame:
 The stage we enter on when life shall cease.
 A fountain that will yield the cup of peace.
 What every one may in the dark behold,
 A famous scribe among the Jews of old;
 A place where riches in abundance flow,
 A place where Victory crown'd each Briton's
 [brow.
 And that which seldom fails to speed the plo ...

These lines will disclose, if aright understood,
 The name of a person sometimes very good ;
 Sometimes like a madman, sometimes like a wit,
 Sometimes like a parson, but can't preach a bit ;
 Sometimes like a monkey, sometimes like a dog,
 Sometimes like Adonis, but more like a frog.
 On the whole, you will find him a midd'ling
[good man.]
 Who will scorn to do ill, and does good if he can.

The Times--1812.

The modern belle in gay attire,
 Views her trinkets with delight ;
 And joys to see the crowd admire
 Her dresses gay, her jewels bright.
 I grieve to see the British fair,
 To trifles such vain homage pay,
 To make their dress their only care :
 Thus idly waste the passing day.
 It gives my cheek the blush of shame,
 To think my sex can be so vain.
 The painted cheek, the bosom bare,
 Are sights disgusting to the eye.
 They may attract the fool's rude stare.
 But men of sense will pass them by.
 From thee, O Modesty, they rove,
 Disdaining all thy precepts mild ;
 Thy presence they no longer love,
 Lost in Illusion's mazes wild.
 Whate'er my lot in life may be,
 O gentle Goddess ! dwell with me.

Hear me, ye Fair, nor longer deign,
 In Folly's dang'rous steps advance;
 Lest ye prove foremost in her train,
 And e'en surpass the belles of France.
 And hark! hear what those wantons say :
 "Look on the daughters of yon Isle;
 They try to steal our arts away ;"
 Then at the mock'ry force a smile.
 O loose your hearts from Folly's chain,
 And be fam'd British maids again.

To My Brother William, *On His Birth Day.*

As this sixteenth of March, my dear,
 Will give to you your sixteenth year,
 I will write some rhymes upon it.
 But don't expect a strain sublime,
 That may outlive the present time,
 Nor pretty little sonnet.
 Nor shall it be a doleful ditty,
 To draw one single tear from pity.
 Or put you in the *umps*.
 For I am told, in life's rough road,
 We oft' shall find a heavy load,
 And many hearty *bumps*.

Then never grieve at trifling things:
 A discontented mind it brings;
 And that's indeed, a curse.
 But always try to think you're blest;
 And unrepining, take the rest
 For better or for worse.

So, if misfortunes mar your joy,
 And seem forever to destroy
 The peace you were possessing;
 Then to reflection turn your mind,
 And very often, you will find
 The evil was a blessing.

And don't, my dear, as some folks do,
 Mankind with dark suspicion view,
 And tremble lest they cheat you.
 Be open, generous, and sincere,
 And you'll have little cause to fear
 That they will e'er ill-treat you.

Be active still in doing good,
 Tread in the path of rectitude,
 Nor give to passion fuel.
 In all your dealings keep upright,
 For Honesty's a diamond bright,
 Sincerity's a jewel.

I'll not conclude by wishing wealth
 Or state, may crown your gentle self;
 That really would be silly.
 But heartily, I wish you wise—
 "To Know Thyself"—the greatest prize:
 And so, God bless you, Billy!

The Breeze of the Morn.

DELIGHTED I left the gay town,
 Where folly and nonsense prevail ;
 For pleasures to fashion unknown,
 I sought in the shades of the vale.
 Yet those pleasures so ardently sought,
 A something seem'd wanting to form ;
 And I sigh'd to myself as I walk'd,
 Inhaling the breeze of the morn.
 A tear that fell soft to the ground,
 My wants and my wishes made known.
 I wanted a friend, for I found
 Not half the enjoyment alone.
 But contentment, I could not tell why,
 Would ever my bosom adorn ;
 So the tear became dew, and the sigh
 Was lost in the breeze of the morn.

Lines,

On viewing a Picture of the Tomb of Washington, (1814.)

AND is this the proud spot where the Hero is laid ?
 O where are the laurels that circle his head ?
 And where is the marble's rich sculpture to show
 His glorious actions who slumbers below ?

In vain does mine eye on this hallow'd spot gaze,
 For the grateful memorial his country should raise.
 Alas! no inscription here tells of his fame.
 Not a stone tells the stranger his much belov'd name.
 But the little green hillock where flow'rs sweetly
[bloom,
 And the tall spreading ash that o'er shadows
[with gloom,
 And the graceful young cedars that wave o'er his
[head,
 Alone mark the spot where the Hero is laid.
 O Americans! why are your hearts so supine,
 That you raise not your noble preserver a shrine?
 O heaven! are his glories forgotten so soon?
 He made you a Nation—go raise him a Tomb.

Lines,

*Suggested on reading in *La Belle Assemblee*, an affecting account of the Death of a Mother.*

AND art thou gone—thou woman dear!
 Thou best belov'd of me!
 My frenzied eye will shed no tear,
 My heart, my heart, is agony!
 My Mother! Oh my Mother!
 Oh! art thou gone—thou cherished friend,
 Thou to whom so much I owe?
 This anguish'd thought my heart will rend,
 O 'tis affliction's deepest woe,
 My Mother! Oh my Mother!

O Mother! many a look I've lent,
 On thy closed lips and shrowded eye;
 Those eyes no more on me are bent,
 For me no more those lips will sigh,
 My Mother! Oh my Mother!
 Vain are my cries and frantic fears,
 For thou can'st heed them never;
 No more my voice my mother hears,
 O art thou gone forever!
 My Mother! Oh my Mother!

The Briar of Saint Anne.

O SEE'ST thou those branches,
 All withered and dead!
 'Twas there a sweet-briar
 Had reared its green head:
 By Anna 'twas planted
 When Summer began.
 Where now are thy blossoms,
 Thou Briar of Saint Anne?
 In Winter mouths dreary,
 We look for decay,
 But in Summer's full glory
 Thou'rt faded away.
 Go, seek me the cypress,
 To plant in its stead,
 Since the pride of the garden
 Is withered and dead.

Its green buds unfolding,
 No more meet my view ;
 I weep while beholding
 The spot where it grew.
 By Friendship remember'd
 It ever shall be,
 And still shall be sacred,
 Dear Anna, to thee.

On the Death of a Favorite Kitten.

THOU'RT gone, my kitten, yes, forever gone ;
 Ah ! little thought I that thy purring breath,
 Thy little animated, playful form,
 So soon would rest beneath the hand of death.
 I little thought, while with delighted eye,
 I mark'd the grace thy slender limbs displayed,
 As thou with thread or ribbon gambol'd by,
 Or with the corner of my 'kerchief played.
 I little thought, while fondly thus caressing,
 That such untimely death would be thy lot,
 The direful scene, on fearful memory pressing,
 Will never, O my kitten ! be forgot.
 Thy tender parent too, (distressing thought,)
 Her grief displays in nature's plaintive whine ;
 For thee with fond solicitude has sought,
 Refusing still, the food which once was thine.

Ah poor old puss! had he who kill'd our pet,
 A heart but half so tender as thine own,
 Thou would'st not wander thus; nor I have wept
 Its little playful wiles forever flown.

Yet why to sadd'ning thoughts of grief give way?
 'Tis past—and 'tis unseemly to repine;
 So reason bids the wayward torrent stay:—
 "To err is human, to forgive, divine."

To a Friend in Bereavement.

MY FRIEND, when youth around us show'rs,
 Life's most pleasing, best loved, flowers,
 When pleasure's influence o'er us steals,
 'Tis then the heart most keenly feels,
 Misfortune's direst blow;
 And sinks a prey
 To misery,
 O'erwhelm'd in woe.

The arrows of affliction strike
 Deepest, when joy has been most bright;
 Thine is the heart, my grief-worn friend,
 That stern misfortune wills to bend,
 With stroke severe, yet still,
 In deepest woe,
 O bow thee low
 To heav'ns high will.

I will not bid thee mourn no more,
 And cease that angel to deplore ;
 I will not stay the falling tear,
 Or check the rising sigh sincere ;
 But join my griefs with thine,
 And only mourn,
 The flow'r thus torn
 From thy sad heart and mine.

Almighty Maker ! think not we,
 Though weeping, grieve at thy decree.
 We bow in silence to thy will ;
 But earthly feelings bind us still
 To that cold grave so low,
 Where now is laid
 The loveliest maid,
 That ever bade affection glow.

Nonsense.

WHAT visions charmed my youthful brain,
 When first Love bound his silken chain
 Around my heart !
 How swift the fairy moments flew
 When first I felt so strange, and knew
 Love's pleasing dart.

But now his golden reign is o'er,
 His spell can bind my heart no more,

His empire's gone :

No more at fancy's shrine I bow,
 I'm past such fantasies, for now
 I'm twenty-one.

Oh, Cupid ! sly and artful god,
 What luckless steps have mortals trod,
 When led by you !

Unheeding in the wild pursuit,
 They trample reason underfoot,
 And prudence too.

Take care, you little saucy elf,
 How next you take my heart by stealth ;
 I'm on the watch.

If you but gain admittance in,
 "My little finger to a pin,"
 I'll be your match.

To a Young Lady,

In whose Friendship I felt Disappointed.

A DAY or two ago, my dear,
 You ask'd, while we were sitting here,
 What 'twas I took to make me thin ?
 Oh ! could you not the truth suspect ?
 I said 'twas nothing :—but indeed,
 I take large doses of *neglect*.

Lines,

Composed during a Storm, on my Twenty-third Birth Day.

How fair, and how serenely bright,
 Beam'd forth the radiant morn !
 But e're the closing shades of night :
 Behold the ruthless storm !

Hark ! how the howling winds rejoice,
 O'er all their wide domain ;
 The darkling clouds at nature's voice
 Pour down their floods of rain.

The smiling day arose adorned
 With promises of bliss ;
 Who would have thought so fair a morn
 Would end in gloom like this ?

Like this fair morn, the op'ning year,
 Dawns forth as free from woes ;
 But ah ! will storms of grief appear
 Around it at its close ?

Say, do these restless winds foreshow
 My future sighs in pain ?
 And will my tears in torrents flow,
 As now, the falling rain ?

Forbear, my presaging heart, forbear,
 Ideal ills to call :
 Believe thy fate is heaven's high care,
 And trust in God for all.

Farewell to England.--1819.

FAREWELL dearest Albion, my own native land !
Soon the moment will come that must bear me
[from thee.
But never, tho' borne to a far distant strand,
Wilt thou ever cease to be dearest to me.
My first look at morning, shall be sent to the east,
My last prayer at evening shall be for thy peace.
Farewell to thy charms budding forth to my view—
Thy lovely green vales and thy fair woven
[bowers.
Thy meadows enamell'd with varying hue,
And all the gay train of thy sweet scented
[flowers ;
Still budding and blooming each summer shall see,
But budding and blooming no longer for me.
Yet hope fondly whispers, there may be a time,
When again I shall tread on thy “sea beaten
[shore ;”
And perhaps in old age I may calmly recline,
In thy bowers, and be tempted to quit thee no
[more.
But in youth, or in age, still my wishes shall be,
That England, dear England, be happy and free.

[*Note.*—The preceding Pieces were written by Miss Browne in England, chiefly in London. The following were nearly all written in Baltimore.]

To—

I'VE urged thee oft' but all in vain,
 To tune thy gentle voice to song;
 I've thought its soft melodious strain
 Our ev'ning pleasures would prolong.

But thou in Truth's unclouded way,
 A more exalted path hast trod,
 Exerting all thy melody
 In praises of the living God.

Those sacred strains that lead above,
 With pious hope, how doubly dear!
 When thy sweet voice in notes of love,
 Attunes them to my list'ning ear.

No more I'll urge with thoughtless tongue,
 That voice in idle song to share;
 In God's own house thy harp is strung,
 Pure as the heart that worships there.

Star Gazing.

As on my couch I lay at night,
 Star gazing through the window,
 I saw a most amazing sight,
 As ever eyes were pinn'd to.

I saw that many a portly star,
 A zigzag course was shaping,
 Some had three corners some had four,
 And some with wide mouths gaping.

And some, I saw like blacksmith's nails,
 (Perhaps of Vulcan's making,)
 And comets too, with fiery tails,
 Were all directions taking.

So, of the moon the Morgan men
 Have surely made a target.
 (Before they shoot that way again,
 I warn them to enlarge it.)

My eyes, (how could I sleep a wink ?)
 I raised once more to scan it :
 I saw four moons, which made me think,
 That I had changed my planet.

Now shall I tell how came to pass
 The sight of all these wonders ?
 Lo ! 'twas the rough made window glass,
 That made so many blunders.

Then, "Hail, Columbia, happy land !"
 Where genius truly dwells ;
 At making glass, a clever hand,
 Which by the aid of lumps of sand,
 And knots, and waves, makes all the land
 Appear like hills and dells.

To a Humming Bird.

THOU fairy of the feather'd race,
 Sweet visitant of flowers!
 Wilt thou my humble garden grace,
 And dwell within its bowers?

With ceaseless care have I array'd
 Fair Flora's gifts to me,
 And deem that care too well repaid
 If honored thus by thee.

Here sport thy tiny flutt'ring wings,
 That never seem to rest,
 While each fair flow'r its perfume flings,
 To lure thee to its breast.

Here, from the rose's ruby lip,
 With nectar rich imbued,
 Or from the lily's chalice sip,
 Thy bright ambrosial food.

Dear beauteous bird! thy fragile form
 Floats o'er my Summer flowers,
 But where art thou when Winter's storm
 Hath swept the vernal bowers?

Could'st thou but know the fond delight
 I feel at sight of thee;
 My bosom, through the Wintry blight,
 Thy resting place would be.

Lines,

On Receiving a Boquet of Double Violets from a Friend.

SWEET flower! thy double nature ne'er
 Can prove thee insincere;
 A double welcome thou may'st claim,
 For thou art doubly dear.
 Dear to my *sense* thine odors sweet,
 Which all the air pervade;
 Dear to my *heart* as gentle proof
 Of friendship undecayed.

Valentine.

THE feelings o' friendship a joy can impart,
 Tho' fondly I lo'e the sweet flow'rs o' the mead;
 There's nought in this wide world sae dear to my
[heart.
 As my bonnie braw lad frae the banks o' the Tweed.
 I care na' for wealth, but a cottage wi' him.
 And beauty's allurements perhaps I'd na' heed;
 But where may the chiel be sae sonsie and trim
 As my bonnie braw lad frae the banks o' the Tweed.
 Anither would fain my attention beguile,
 He hints that in bondage his heart I might lead;
 And whyles I may gie him a word or a smile,
 But my heart's wi' the lad frae the banks o' the Tweed.

The Queen, she may make o' her Albert a King,
And well the young laddie may merit the meed;
But oh, above princes or any sic thing
Is my bonnie braw lad frae the banks o' the Tweed.

To J. L. C.--1833.

On Presenting him a Lock of his Father's Hair.

DEAR friend, dost thou remember yet thy father's
[noble form,
Ere sickness bow'd him to the earth, an oak amidst
[the storm?
He was my early friend, and oft, (tho' time has
[passed away,
And other friends have strewed my path with
[flowers rich and gay,)
A sigh of deep regret will rise as mem'ry brings to
[view,
The scene of agony and tears when died that friend
[so true.
How dreadful then the grave appeared, and how
[my soul did grieve,
When I thought of the lone tenant it so shortly
[must receive,

'Twas then with silent step I sought the chamber
[of the dead,
And severed this soft lock of hair from thy dear
[father's head.
Long have I treasured it for thee, till thou to
[manhood grown,
Could'st value it above all price of gold or jewelled
[stone.
Take then, dear youth, the precious gift, tho' trifling
[it may seem
When view'd by strangers eyes, it is to thee and
[me a beam
Whence pure affection kindles up in mem'ry's
[treasur'd store
A thousand gentle sympathies that passed in days
[of yore.
And when enshrined in gold I view the relic on thy
[breast,
And think of him who long ago departed to his rest,
With placid joy my heart shall own, tho' him no
[more I see,
His mild and manly virtues all are present still in
[thee.

An Incident.--1837.

BEHOLD the wand'rer from his native land !
See, from the busy crowd he sits apart ;
His sister's letter lies within his hand ;
Home, friends, and country, rush upon his heart !

And the deep font is stirr'd—tears, gushing tears,
 In one wild burst of passionate tenderness
 Break forth uncheck'd—the sympathies of years,
 Which long hath slumber'd, on his full heart press.
 All dear, familiar scenes, now rise to view,
 Which in the shade of absence had grown dim ;
 And that sweet sister's form, her love so true,
 Her very voice, seem present now with him.
 Thus the strong man at Nature's touch is bow'd
 To infant weakness—silent and alone
 He seeks to hide from yonder noisy crowd,
 Tears that the proudest need not blush to own.

To Adam the Bachelor,

(Who broke his Rib by a Fall.)

OF THE first Adam's fall and fate aware,
 Thou saidst, "no Eve shall e'er my comforts crib ;"
 Yet Fate hath doomed thee, spite of all thy care,
 To suffer tribulation through thy rib.

To William Henry Harrison,

The President Elect, February 8th, 1841.

HOPE of the land! thou'rt welcom'd here
 By many a manly voice :—
 May these, our ardent greetings, cheer
 The nation's honored choice.

Father and friend ! to thee we bow
 With reverent, holy love ;
 In earnest, trusting hope, that thou
 Wilt party strife remove.

Lo ! countless thousands look to thee
 Throughout this wide spread land :—
 A noble nation's destiny
 Lies in thine honest hand.

From North to South, from East to West,
 May every heart be thine :—
 O may thy course, in wisdom blest,
 With countless glories shine !

Thou standest forth, in spirit brave,
 As ancient Greece or Rome :—
Thou can't not be a party slave
 In Freedom's brightest home.

Sabbath at Sea.

On Returning from a visit to England, 1843.

LORD ! at thy feet I cast my fear,
 Alone I cannot be ;
 Though far from friends and kindred dear,
 Thou art not far from me.

Believing in thy boundless love,
 Though drear the prospect be
 Of waves below and sky above,
 Thou art not far from me.

When first arose, remote from land,
 Thy Sabbath morn at sea,
 Far, far, from temples built with hands.
 Thou wert not far from me.

How blest the words thy servant spoke
 In solemn pray'r to Thee !
 I felt, as on my ear they broke,
 Thou wert not far from me.

With grateful tears I own the care
 Which guards me on the sea,
 No trembling dread my heart may share:
 Thou art not far from me.

Though crested waves are rolling high,
 And roaring winds there be ;
 Faith whispers' midst the stormy sky,
 Thou art not far from me.

To a Bird

Caught at Sea.

LONELY wand'rer o'er the ocean,
 What hath lured thee from thy home ?
 Thy strength is spent by wild commotion,
 Of stormy winds and blinding foam.

Flutt'ring pris'ner, rest unfearing,
 A kindly heart is guarding thee ;
 And when our ship the land is nearing,
 A kindly hand will set thee free.

The Land Birds.

Written at Sea.

THEY come, they come, the land birds !

To glad each longing eye,
How sweetly they assure us
Our wish'd for port is nigh.

O, rest you, gentle strangers !
Amidst our spars and sails,
Not one of all our number
But your fair presence hails.

What tho' the watchful captain,
With skilful head and hand,
On well laid chart may show us
How near we are to land ;

Yet this spontaneous knowledge
More grateful seems to be—
And are ye not appearing
To welcome us from sea ?

Could ye but speak, what tidings
Your coming might impart !
What anxious fears relieving,
Of this my homesick heart !

I'd ask you, if my Mother
Hath watched for me erewhile ?
If she in health is wearing
Her sweetly placid smile ?

But ye are mute, O land birds!
 Yet is your presence blest,
 Assured our homes are near us:
 Fond hope supplies the rest.

Lines,

On Receiving a Bouquet of Flowers from a Friend.

O SWEETEST FLORA! with ever new delight
 I welcome thee, at noon, or eve, or morn;
 Thrice welcome now in cold December's blight,
 Thou comest like a rainbow 'midst the storm.

O precious gift, how glorious thou art!
 How thy rich fragrance through the air distils!
 O spell of sweet enchantment! how my heart
 At sight of thee with grateful pleasure thrills.

O brightest page in Nature's book most fair!
 How do I love to read thee o'er and o'er;
 From smallest leaf to blossom rich and rare
 I love thy beautiful, thy wondrous lore.

Bonny Branch.

Addressed to Mrs. M. D. 1847.

MY DEAREST friend ! how fondly
 I turn to former days,
 When we together rambled
 In all those pleasant ways,
 Where Bonny Branch is winding
 Its slender stream along
 Those sweet umbrageous valleys,
 Unknown to poet's song.

Why hath a scene so lovely
 Escaped the poet's eye ?
 Or does my heart, (too partial,)
 Its beauties rate too high ?
 There kindled our young friendship,
 Lo ! Time its strength bespeaks,
 Pure as the healthful zephyr
 Which fann'd our glowing cheeks.

'Twas there the wildwood blossoms
 Seem'd ever fairest, best—
 Ah, was it thy dear presence
 Which gave to all a zest ?
 Amidst fair Flora's treasures,
 By rock, or tree, or bower ;
 My heart was ever turning
 To thee, its fairest flower.

Where Nature's gentle warblers
 Awoke at morning's call ;
 Thou wert to me, O Margaret !
 The sweetest bird of all.
 Thy caro' through the woodlands,
 When thou in song didst launch,
 Flows fondly in my memory,
 Thou Bird of Bonny Branch !

Friend of my early pleasures,
 Friend of my inmost heart !
 Tho' life's absorbing duties
 Hath kept us much apart ;
 I love thee, dearest Margaret !
 I love thee with a truth
 As steadfast as Naomi's
 For her devoted Ruth.

May.--1849.

A THOUSAND thanks, dear Mary !
 Thy little bright bouquet
 Comes, like a smiling fairy,
 To tell me it is May.

These simple wildwood flowers
 Are precious to my view,
 Recalling happy hours
 Spent with the good and true.

But thou, my little Mary,
 Hast sought by stream and tree,
 And on the hill-side airy,
 Sweet Flora's gifts for me.

Dear child, tho' Flora's offspring
 Are fated to decay,
 The mem'ry of thy off'ring,
 Shall never fade away.

Lines,

*Addressed to Adam Duncan, Esq., on his return to
 Scotland, 1850.*

WHEN Scotia's fair valleys around thee are spreading,
 Thy warm heart exulting o'er scenes of renown,
 When on the bold mountain thy footsteps are treading,
 Where bright blooming heather its summit may
 [crown;

Oh, then for that gayly pledg'd promise of thine !
 Remember ! one sprig of that heather is mine.

In pathways well known where the whin-bush is
 [growing,

Where birds warble sweetly in hedge-row and tree,
 Where the clear silver streamlet is silently flowing,
 Wilt thou gather once more, a sweet relic for me,
 In honor of him who hath won our warm praise ?
 O, bring me a primrose from *Ye Water Braes*.

When thou seekest the spot where the Poet is sleeping,

Whose name is a glory to Scotland and thee,

Whose memory with patriot glow, thou art keeping,

In far distant homes o'er the far distant sea ;

Oh, then, lowly bending, thou'l cull from the stem,

And bring me the daisy, his own "bonnie gem."

Thou wilt go where many a pilgrim hath wended,

Where the lord of romance, hath his banner unfurl'd,

Whose fictions with truth are so gracefully blended,

Delighting, instructing, the civilized world :—

From Abbotsford radiant in beauty thou'l bring

One leaf of the tree that was planted by him.

In Tweed's lovely vale, when thy kindred thou'rt meet-
[ing,

When the time-honored roof-tree is over thy head,

How deeply, O true heart ! must mingle thy greeting

Of smiles for the living with tears for the dead !

Yet calm are the sorrows which Time hath subdued,

And bright are the pleasures of friendship renewed.

Oh, long are remembered those pathways of childhood,

Which lead to the kirk, to the cottage, the hall,

To the rocks, to the river, the braes, and the wild-wood :

How eagerly, fondly, thou'l follow them all,

While the voice of affection records to thine ear,

Reminiscences bright, of thy youthful career.

From scenes where thy earliest pleasures are perished,

Thou'l seek out the grave of thy *Pastor* and *Friend*,
Whose precepts with reverent love are still cherished,

Who taught of this life, its true purpose and end ;
Some flow'r which may bloom o'er his last earthly sleep,
Thou'lt mournfully gather, and sacredly keep.

What soul-fraught emotions, what heart-felt revealings,

Thy home, friends, and kindred, shall stir in thy breast !
What treasur'd mementos, what memories, what
[feelings !

Thou'lt bring from that vale to thy home in the West.
And proudly thou'l dwell on that glorious band,
The gifted, the noble, the brave, of thy land.

O Scotia ! tho' small be the limits that boun'l thee,

How vast is thine empire, how regal thy sway !
Constellations of genius are clust'ring around thee,

Whose names shall live ever, tho' kingdoms decay.
As dross in the furnace to gold thrice refined,
Are the monarchs of earth to thy monarchs of mind !

Saint Anne's Church, Middletown, Delaware.

LONE relic of past ages !

I love to gaze on thee ;

Whilst in my mental vision

The pious few I see,

Who raised thine ancient structure

In this secluded spot,

Where in the mighty forest

The word of God was not.

Then came to thee from England,
 (Proof of a Monarch's care)
 An altar cloth, embroidered
 By royal fingers fair.*
 How many generations,
 Now sleeping in the dust !
 Around that sacred altar
 Have knelt in holy trust.
 Here taught the pious Reading,
 Who came in days of yore,
 A missionary preacher
 From England's distant shore.
 And when the weary pilgrim
 Had done his Lord's behest,
 In Christian faith triumphant
 Here laid him down to rest.
 Fair scene of contemplation,
 How beautiful thou art !
 All quiet calm and holy !
 Thou speakest to the heart.
 A soft subduing spirit
 Steals gently o'er my soul,
 Whilst thou and thy surroundings
 My inner thoughts control.

* *Queen Anne's.*

A grand old oak its shadow
 O'er many a grave hath spread;
 It standeth like a sentinel
 To guard thy gathered dead.
 Thy graves hath whisp'ring voices,
 Though silent be thy sod,
 Forever gently calling
 The wand'ring heart to God.

Here Natalie reposes,
 The good, the kind, the fair,
 Though early called, yet trusting
 Her Saviour's bliss to share.
 Long shall her name be cherished,
 And oft' in Summer hours,
 The tender hand of friendship,
 Shall deck her grave with flowers.

And here, amidst the branches
 Of many a stately tree,
 Thy Pastor's pleasant dwelling
 Is scarce apart from thee.
 Thy Pastor! loved and honored
 With her who shares his lot!
 Saint Anne! how sweet the memory
 Shall be of this loved spot.

The Sabbath.

SWEETLY my soul rejoiceth when the morn
Of Sabbath comes, with solemn sounding bell,
That peals above high-arched Cathedral aisles,
And, from the steeple gray of time-worn sanctuary,
Calls forth the congregation from their homes
To pay their worship 'neath the sacred roof.
The gay, the grave, before God's altar kneel
To pour the grateful praise, or seek in pray'r
His all-sustaining aid through grievous ills,
Or strengthen feeble hope of sins forgiven.

Silent are now the various marts of trade ;
No busy merchant passeth quickly on,
With thought intent on losses or on gains ;
No rumbling dray disturbs the holy calm,
Silence proclaims the Sabbath : thus to Heaven
The city pays its homage. Whilst afar
In glen secluded, or on varied plain,
The village Church gives forth its simple chime.
There the loved Pastor, greeting all around,
Proceedeth to the fane, where rich and poor
To him are equal, as unto his God.

And thou, sweet Berkeley! * where Saint Peter's
 [Church

Raises its modest front, thou dost possess
 This soul-fraught treasure in thy Pastor dear.
 Wisdom and truth flow from his pious lips
 In fervent zeal proclaiming God to man.
 How pure and holy are the thoughts that dwell
 Within my soul, when mem'ry traceth o'er
 The lessons learned within that house of God!
 How blest the happy few, who bending low
 Receive the good man's blessing and his prayer!

* *New Jersey.*

“The Sun.”

FAIR SUN! with mild effulgence beaming,
 Like thy great prototype on high;
 Thy page with truth and justice teeming,
 Illuminates our moral sky.

Nor whilst bright wisdom's lessons teaching,
 Is gentle charity forgot;
 Thou for mercy, art beseeching,
 On the Orphan's hapless lot.

Whilst the principles of Right, instilling,
 Fraud and wrong have met thy ban;
 Thou art ever thus fulfilling,
 Faithful duties unto man.

What noble, independent, bearing
 When censures from thy columns flow !
 Fearless in thy course, nor sparing,
 Unwise friend nor dang'rous foe.
 Yet, how far from low detraction,
 And from sneering scorner's ways ;
 How each noble, gen'rous action,
 Gains from thee, its meed of praise.
 No party strifes pollute thy pages ;
 Vile calumny, or ribald jest ;
 Thy fair and gentle mirth presages
 Wit and humour's crowning zest.
 Thus, thy candid course reviewing,
 All must own thy noble aim ;
 Thou, thy country's good pursuing,
 Blush not then, "*to find it fame.*"
 Whilst Time his ceaseless course is telling,
 Year by year, still may we find,
 Far and wide, thy rays dispelling
 Error's clouds from every mind.

Elegy,

*On the Death of Adam Duncan, Written for the
 Burns Club.*

To THEE, departed Friend ! to thee,
 A thought, a tribute, shall be given—
 Thou, the truehearted and the free,
 Whose fellowship on earth is riven.

We stand around the festive board,
 Which 'twas thy wont and pride to share—
 We see thee not, we hear no word ;
 We only view thy vacant chair.

Thou wert our true and good right hand,
 Long years have proved thy social powers ;
 Thy merry eye, thy accents bland,
 Have ever charmed our passing hours.

Scotland hath lost no truer son,
 Thy pride was in her storied page ;
 And the bright names her children won
 Thy household gods, from youth to age.

Yet didst thou, with a mind unbarred,
 A willing heart, a ready hand,
 Uphold the welfare, warmly guard
 The weal of thine adopted land.

Thy manly, independent mind,
 Where ev'ry kindly virtue beamed ;
 Thy wealth of knowledge, taste refined,
 Were known to all, by all esteemed.

Thus form'd for Friendship's genial glow,
 How wide the space, how chang'd each spot,
 Which must thy wonted smile forgo—
 Alas ! that death could spare thee not.

Thy life, thy death, our hearts shall date,
 And mem'ry with thy name shall blend
 All that in man is good and great,
 O noble heart ! O matchless Friend !

The First-born.

THERE's joy within the household, joy

A jubilee is keeping;

For safe within its Mother's arms

A first-born babe is sleeping.

Dear, precious babe! a thousand hopes

In thy sweet life are treasured—

Thou bringest, O thou priceless one!

A bliss untold, unmeasured.

Thy Father's heart no joy like this

In all the past recalling:—

From thy young Mother's eyes soft tears

Of happiness are falling.

And kindred dear and faithful friends,

For thee fond prayers are breathing;

And joys and pleasures still for thee

In all the future weaving.

Sweet herald of the blooming Spring!

Thou comest with her flowers;

The fairest bud of all the train

That decks her brightest bowers.

For thee, sweet bud, the purest font

Of love is ever welling;

O may'st thou bloom a beauteous flower,

Within thy Father's dwelling.

O Parents! what a holy trust

Is yours: to you is given

This young immortal soul to guide

Unto its native Heaven.

Centennial Anniversary

Of the Burns Club. 1849.

THE DAY is come—a loftier fame this day
 Triumphant Time on Scotland's Bard bestows ;
 A wider homage distant nations pay ;
 Around his name a brighter radiance glows.

Lo, fair Columbia o'er her vast domain
 Her tribute pays to his immortal song ;
 Her genial sons come forth with loud acclaim
 And swell the honors which to Burns belong.

Here, many thousands who have never trod
 The soil of Scotland, yet with honest pride,
 And glowing hearts, can venerate the sod
 Where Burns, in joy and sorrow, lived and died

Time, o'er those scenes a glory now unfolds—
 Lo, nations rise to celebrate his name ;
 Proudly each son of Scotland now beholds
 These crowning honors to his Poet's fame.

Scotland this day, calls forth a noble band ;
 Her teeming wealth of intellect arrays ;
 Calls far and near the magnates of her land
 To join in loftiest pæans to his praise.

Time but enhances, strengthens, and enshrines
 Her truest Poet in her peoples' heart ;
 Alike the peer and peasant inly finds
 The wond'rous spell his joyous songs impart.

Exultant youth, stern manhood, learned sage,
 His subtle pow'r can all resistless bend;
 All turn enchanted to the varied page
 Where genius shines, where wit and wisdom blend.

His genial nature, warm and manly heart,
 That on his works a winning grace bestows;
 To countless thousands shall a joy impart
 As years roll on and age on age shall close.

His fame shall spread o'er India's burning clime;
 Auriferous rocks on California's shores
 Shall echo to his name, his works sublime
 Shall charm amid Australia's golden stores.

Brothers! for us whom fate hath called away
 From Scotland's sunny braes and mountains wild:
 Shall we not proudly celebrate this day
 On which the soul of song hath brightly smiled?

Through this fair land our Poet's strains are heard
 From East to West, however far we roam:
 Their thrilling sounds within our hearts have stirr'd
 Deep and most cherish'd memories of home:—

Recall the daisied sod, the heathery hill,
 The dark and frowning castle's crumbling wall;
 The whin-bush blooming bright, the sparkling rill,
 Our own roof-tree, the dearest of them all.

Amidst those peaceful scenes his fame he won;
 And now whilst sounds the general burst of praise,
 The world shall own a noble justicee done;
 His love for Scotland, Scotland well repays.

Our country's paens we uniting sing,
Though broad and deep dividing waters roll ;
One name inspires us, at one shrine we bring
"The feast of reason and the flow of soul."

Spirit of Burns ! now pure 'mid seraph bands ;
O canst thou from "thy place of blissful rest,"
Behold thy Scotia's sons in distant lands,
Thus honor Thee with true fraternal zest !

Thou of the noble independent mind !
Thou, in whose breast pure patriotism glow'd !
From whose great soul, untrammel'd as the wind,
The brightest, truest, inspirations flowed !

Immortal genius ! with thee, O Burns !
Earth's candidates for fame shall rarely vie ;
Their names may perish with their crumbling urns,
But thine shall live till Truth and Nature die.

To John Lee Chapman, *Mayor of Baltimore.*

HONOR to thee, thou man of upright dealing,
Who standest pure amid corruption's snares ;
Thy innate honesty of soul revealing
In all thy num'rous duties, trials, cares.

Through all contendings, rise in thy position,
Thy truth, thy justice, stands in clearest light ;
No crafty men, in high or low condition,
Can turn thy steady purpose from the right.

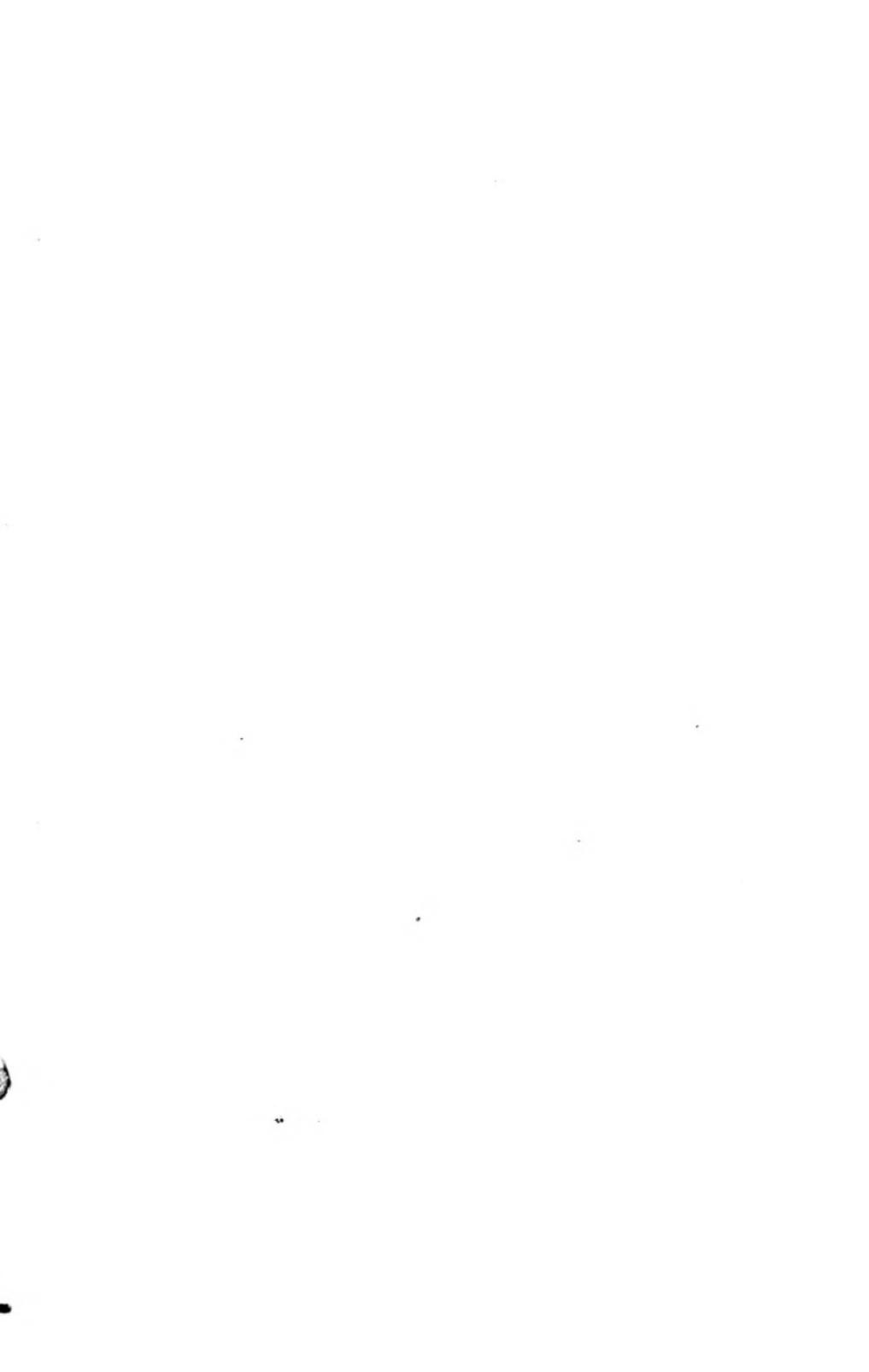
Thou in thy staunch integrity abiding,
 May set at naught the tongues of evil men ;
 Let thy contemptuous silence be their chiding :—
 Thou art of quality beyond their ken.
 Princes and nobles are of earth's creation,
 Grandly they pass through life's allotted span :
Thy grandeur comes not from thy honored station—
 Thou art “God's noblest work—**AN HONEST MAN.**”

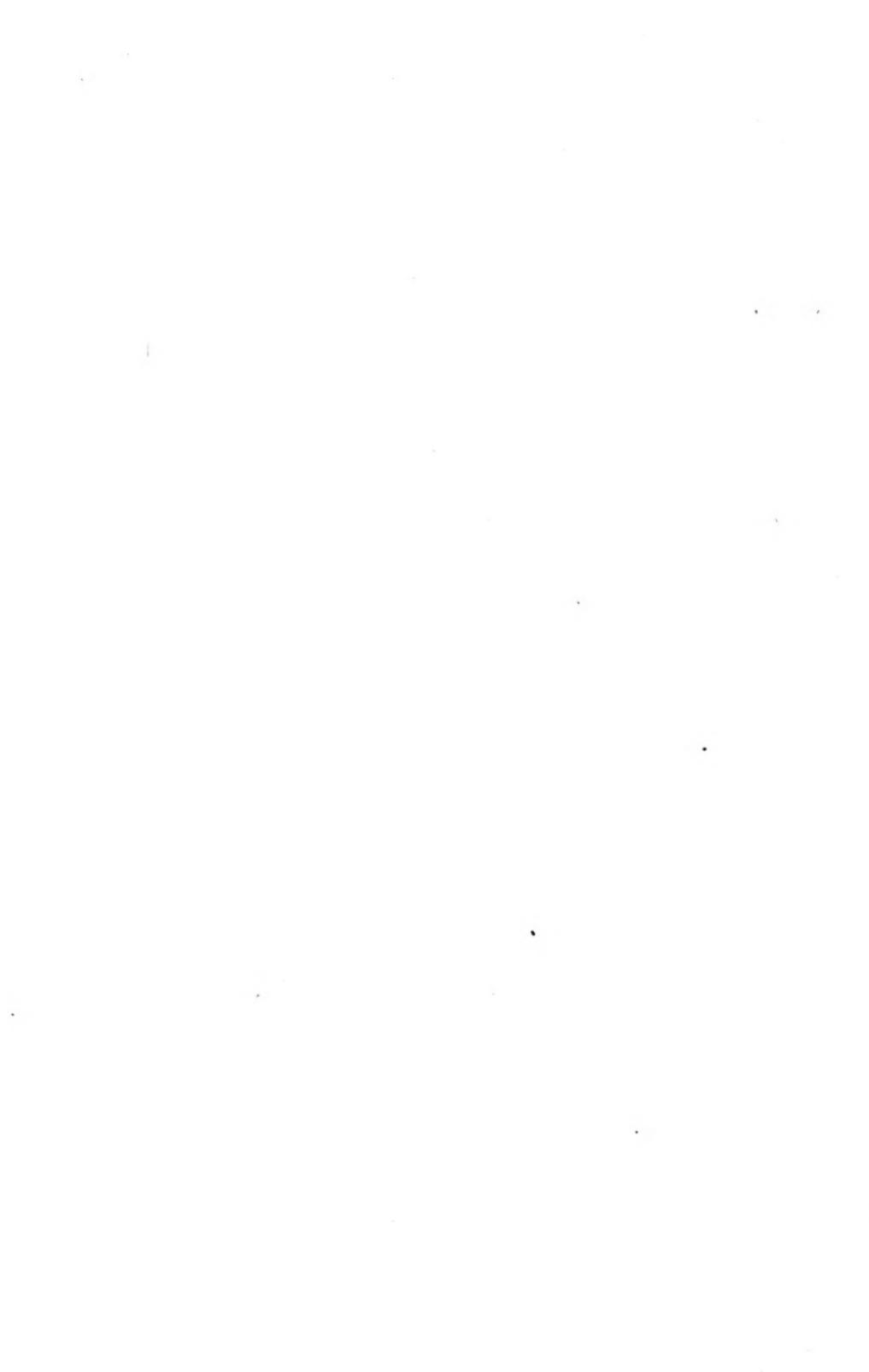
Epitaph,

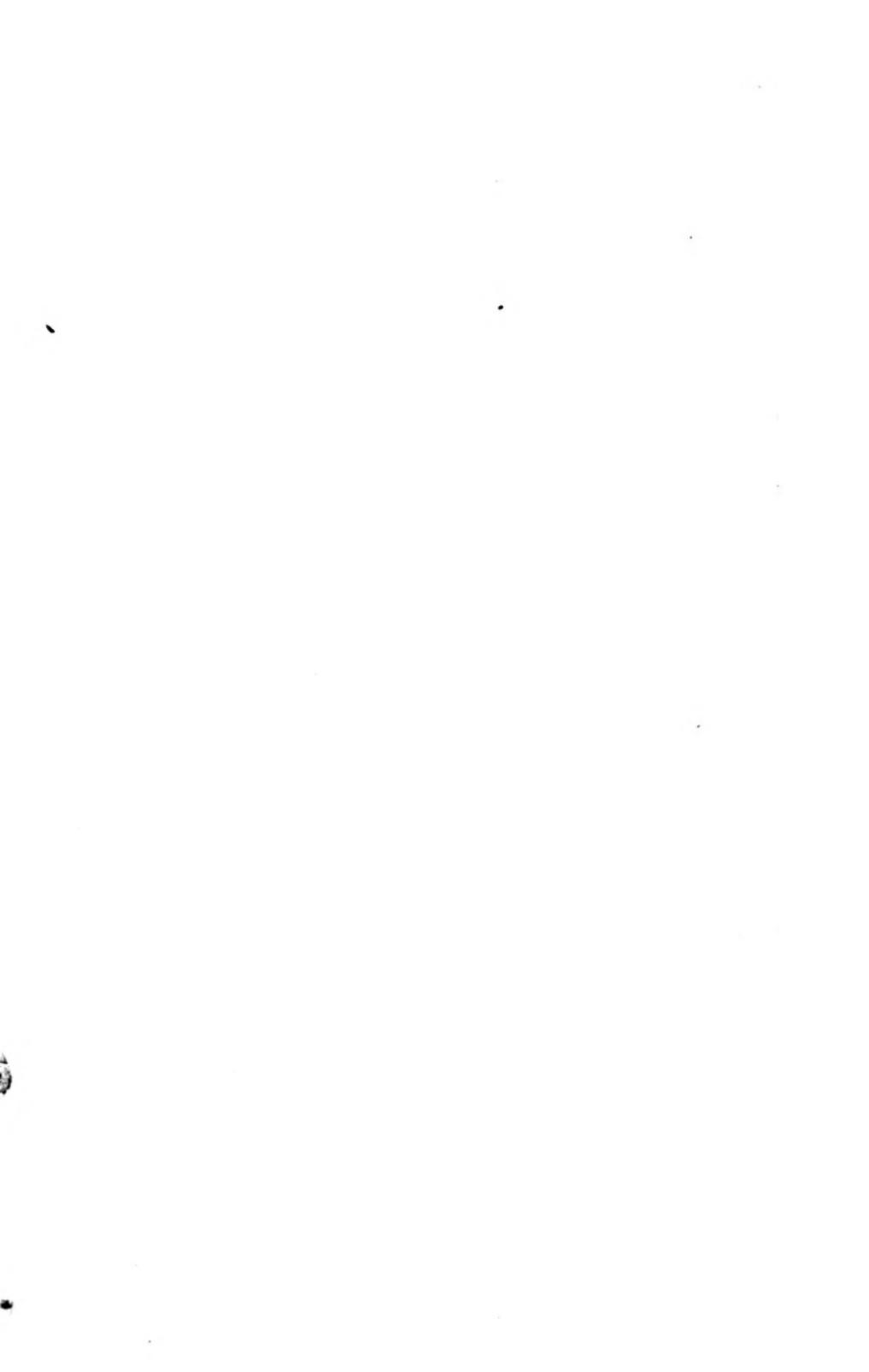
On Mrs. John Lee Chapman, who died, September, 1870.

Released from earthly care, my gentle doye,
 Encompassed round about by heavenly love,
 Serenely sleep !

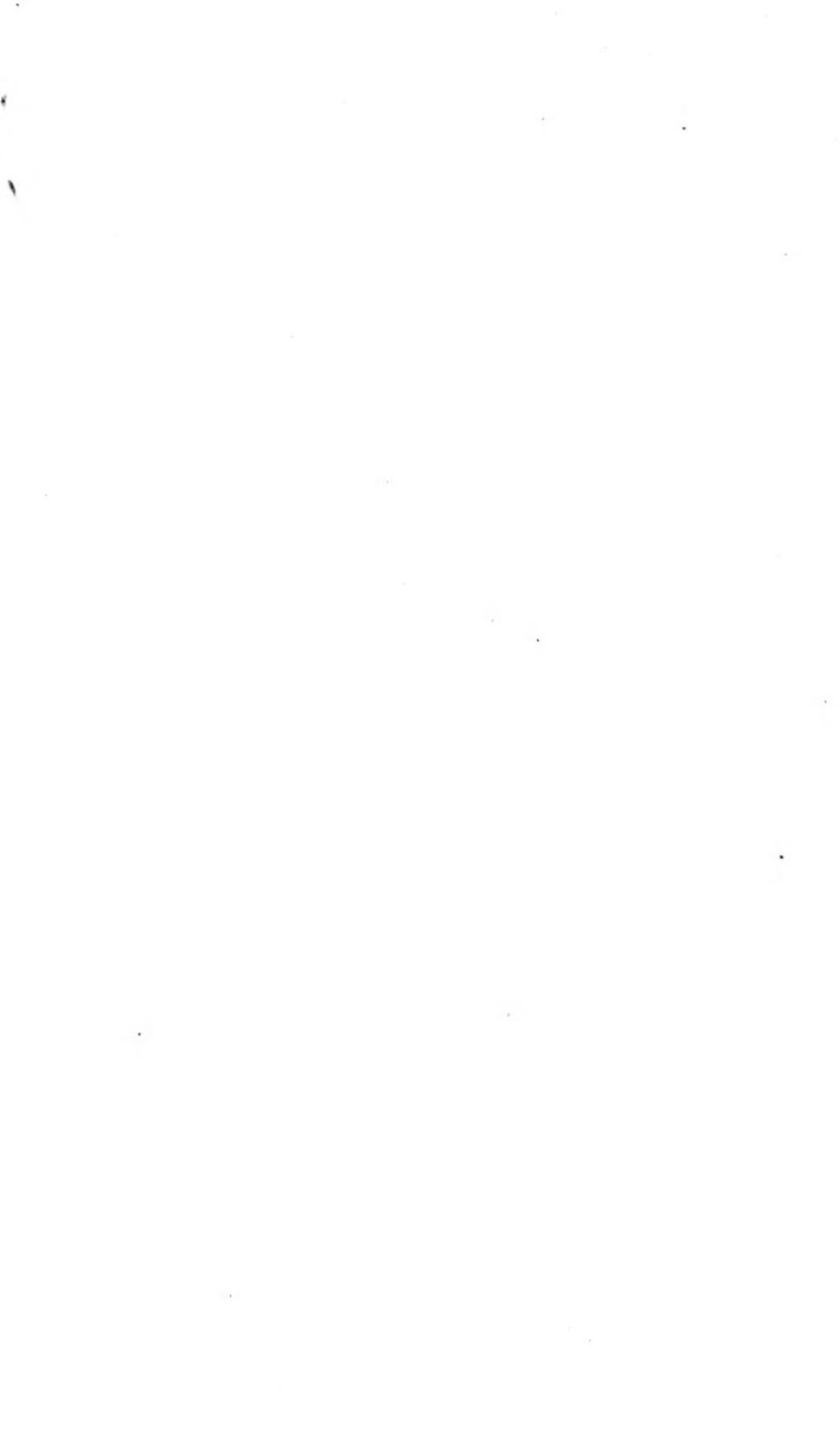
Whilst memory, 'midst the silence and the gloom,
 Ever beside this sacred tomb,
 Her vigils keep.











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